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VOL. VIII.]

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[NUMB. 393.

ALTAMONT: OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE. AN HISTORICAL TALE.

"There is a destiny in this strange world,
That oft decrees an undeserved doom—
Let schoolmen tell us why" HOME'S DOUGLAS.

THE subject of the following narrative, whose real name it is my intention to conceal under the borrowed appellation of Altamont, lived in the reign of Charles I. He received his education at the university of Oxford; where his personal beauties, his accomplished manners, and his extensive learning, acquired him the friendship and esteem of a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance. He was a poet of considerable merit; and his productions will ever be admired, by judges of taste, for the purity of their style and classic beauty.

On quitting the university, he embraced the profession of arms; in which honorable avocation we find him, at the commencement of the war between Charles and his Parliament, advanced to the rank of Colonel. He adopted the royal cause, and fought with distinguished bravery on the part of that monarch. On the total overthrow of the royalists, our young hero effected his escape into France; and earned by his sword, in the service of that country, the means of support. Thus was he driven by an irresistible fate, from friends, from fortune; and what was still more painful, from the loved maid in whom his tenderest and dearest thoughts were centered; into a country where he was unknown of all; doomed, in the blood-stained path of war, to encounter Death in all his most horrid forms, and to snatch from Peril's craggy heights, the wretched means of preserving a still more wretched and miserable existence.

Ere yet the prey of rough Adversity, when wealth, when fame, and fortune, attended on his steps, the fair Lucasta had won his fond regard. To him the lovely maid her virgin love inclined: his soft persuasions gained her listening ear, and raised within her bosom the chaste affection her blushing form and faltering accent told. Prompt were the bridal maid to strew with flowers the nuptial bed; when fierce and ruthless War his iron chariot mounted, and spread destruction through the land; when Discord's angry flames burst forth, and the stern voice of Honor called the young soldier from the expecting bride.

It were needless here to recount the various success of a war; in which the lives of thousands were destroyed, and which terminated in the death of the ill-advised monarch, in whose cause it was undertaken. Let us, therefore, recur to the more immediate subject of this narration; whom we shall find engaged in the service of the gallic king.

At the memorable siege of Dunkirk, he received a dangerous wound; and the restless and malignant spirit of party in his native country announced him dead. Happy had it been for our young hero had death here closed his sufferings;

but Fate reserved him for still greater hardships than those he had hitherto experienced.

For several months he dragged on a life of extreme wretchedness; and though time, and a good constitution, restored his lacerated form to its native vigor, yet their aid could not remove from his perturbed mind the fears and anxieties which he entertained for his loved Lucasta. She, poor girl! had mourned his loss, almost with tears of blood; and still in virgin solitude had wept, but at the entreaties of a fond, indulgent parent, and the point of bare necessity, urged the expediency of accepting proposals which were made to her, in order to detach from her family and character a suspicion of favoring that unfortunate cause which had lost her the brave and gallant Altamont, and which the spirit of the times was ever ready to fix alike on the innocent and the guilty.

Start not, ye solemn prudes, ye invincible votaries of constancy and virtue, at the deed! It was necessity, not choice, that here directed the conduct of the unhappy maid, and bade her assume the matron's name. Her looks, her actions! all, all, told the painful conflict that passed within her tortured mind: nor could the smile of bridal joy veil the grief that hung on her dejected brow.

At this period, the unhappy Altamont reached his native shore. Disguised in mean attire, to elude the watchful eye of base suspicion, he sought the loved abode of his dear Lucasta. In the evening of a summer's day, he entered the village which gave his mistress birth; and directed his steps to a small cottage, that stood near the mansion of her father, the inhabitants of which, in his prosperous days, he had frequently visited with Lucasta. Of these honest rustics, if happily they should have escaped the ravages of war, he meditated an enquiry after the object of his affections. With a trembling hand, therefore, he knocked at the door; when he was desired by a voice within, to draw the latch, and enter. The agitated lover accepted the invitation; and, apologizing for his intrusion, solicited that information which he feared, yet wished to acquire.

"Good luck!" exclaimed the venerable dame, "Madam Lucasta is sorely grieved. She, sweetheart! ha' ne'er known a happy moment since the brave Connal—"

"Then she loves me still, and I am blessed indeed!" exclaimed the enraptured Altamont, interrupting the old woman in her narrative. "Oh! tell me, tell me, all that thou knowest of Lucasta? Has she been wretched? Why, so has her faithful Altamont. But fortune smiles again, and we shall weep no more!"

"O goodness of heart! are you that handsome soldier that used to come with Madam Lucasta to our poor hovel? he that was to have married my young lady after the war?"

"The same, the same!" interrupted the impatient Altamont: "but tell me of Lucasta?"

"O dear, O dear! how sadly you are altered! They said you was killed abroad; and my sweet mistress, believing what they said was true—but

Heaven knows she was much against it—married—"

"Married!" exclaimed the tortured Altamont. "Married! saidst thou? Then in vain have I nurtured affection! In vain appeased my cares, by hopes of distant happiness!"

At this moment a female passed the door of the cottage; and entered, by a small gate, a grove that fronted. "There goes Madam Lucasta," said the old woman. "Where, where?" with eagerness enquired Altamont, raising his eyes from the ground, and approaching the door. He saw her as she glanced between the trees; and, drawing from his bosom a dagger— "Now, then," he said, "for revenge! The traitress is within my reach: and this dagger, guided by the unerring arm of Justice, shall punish her infidelity!" Then, rushing out of the cottage, he pursued the slowly-pacing Lucasta.

Thoughtless of the danger which attended on her secluded steps, she reached her favorite retreat; a bower which her hands had reared; where the woodbine round the osier's pliant shoots twined its delicate tendrils, and breathed a rich perfume. To this retired spot, the sad dejected beauty would often roam, to indulge the pining anguish of her mind, and mourn her gallant soldier's loss.

With slow and guarded step, the woe-worn youth gained the margin of the rivulet, whose cooling stream refreshed the shrubs Lucasta's care had planted to adorn the lonely bower which fond remembrance had rendered sacred. Full on his view the weeping beauty rose. Her tears disarmed the anger of his soul, and from his trembling hand the deadly weapon fell. She sighed—she spoke. Breathless, he listened to her honed accents; and with a greedy, insatiate thirst, drank the dulcet harmony, which kindly zephyrs wafted to his ravished and attentive ear.

"Where, now, are fled those fancied joys, those scenes of promised bliss, which faithless fortune once gave to my too-credulous sight? Where is that manly form, on which these eyes would dwell enraptured? Where my Altamont? Where my brave soldier? Alas! within the drear mansions of the grave he rests, the food of worms; forgetful of his love, insensible to grief, and freed from every mortal pang. Oh! that I, too, had reached the peaceful shores of blessed oblivion! Why, thou ghastly king of terrors, thou dread of guilty minds, and weak childhood's fear; why rests thy tardy hand? why, in negligence supine, are thrown thy ebon darts, when I would court thy rage, and bare my bosom to thy red-stained arm?—Oh! Fortune, Fortune! to what wretchedness has thy malice doomed me!"

"No more, Lucasta, chide the changeling deity, capricious Fortune!" cried Altamont, rushing into the bower, and throwing himself at her feet. "Behold thy faithful Altamont! the constant, changeless lover, thy fondness mourns! Be blessed, and weep no more."

[To be continued.]

A SECRET HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND TRUE.

AN ADDRESS TO MARRIED LADIES.

WITHOUT any desire to be considered as wiser than the rest of the thinking part of the world, I would wish to communicate to married ladies a secret of inestimable value, and which, if properly attended to, however bitter it may on the first taste appear, it will not fail to give a never fading lustre to beauty.

To keep a husband true, the wife must herself be strictly virtuous, not fond of the company of other men, however innocent may be their conversation and amusements. Where she cannot, consistently with truth, take his part in any public argument, instead of joining against him, she should either be silent, or prudently endeavor to turn the conversation on other subjects. Nothing more effectually lessens man or wife in the eyes of the world, than when they publicly differ in opinion; and it is of little consequence which may have the most reason on their side, since both will equally suffer in the decision: Modesty and disdine are the greatest ornaments of a married woman.

If decently ornamenting the person is indispensably necessary before marriage, it is still more so after: And nothing can be more fatal to conjugal happiness, than that carelessness of dress, that loose and disorderly attire, to which too many married ladies give themselves up. When a husband finds in his wife a very different woman from her he courted, indifference, if not disgust, will undoubtedly ensue, and there will be no wonder in it, if the husband roves abroad, like the bee, in search of new sweets.

That enchanting instrument, the female tongue, when properly tuned, is more powerful than all the charms of music. By this the stubborn soul of mankind is softened, and men would not know how to refuse, if women knew but how to ask.

Anger, violence, and rage, deform the female figure, and a turbulent woman disgraces the delicacy of her sex. Where violence reigns, love soon quits that habitation. Be advised, ye fair, never be loud nor violent, if you mean or wish to be happy.

The characteristic of an engaging temper is rasilness and cheerfulness, and with these two qualities a woman must please a husband. To engaging manners, women owe the stability of their empire, and the less power they assume, the more they are sure to have.

Too many women, so far from betaking themselves to the road pointed out by nature, seem to counteract it's intentions. They are no sooner out of bed, than they set up their lamentations: every thing vexes them even to provocation---they wish themselves in their graves, and thus, instead of that pleasure and harmony which Hymen promised them, they diffuse sadness and languor around them.

My fair countrywomen will readily excuse the liberty I have here taken, in censuring the conduct of some ladies, for if they look around them, they will find too many originals that correspond with this picture. It is true, indeed, that there are some men of so perverse a disposition, that neither love nor friendship can subdue their ferocity; but let married women take this as a certain rule, if love and tenderness are not capable of bringing a man to reason, fury and violence never can.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLEAS.

AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

THESE are them same back-biters, cried I, seizing one of them with fury, that above other nettles I detest---and I put you to death, added I, killing him in the name of my back-biter Mr. *****, and instantly another of them, seizing upon my back-bone, gave me a devil of a mangle---I snatched at him with my fingers, but he eluded my grasp, bouncing at a greater rate till I fortunately caught him---and now you wretch, cried I, thus do I destroy you; and this, cried I, catching another of them, is Mr. *****, and this Mr. *****. I am not naturally cruel, but the bites of these skippers fired my imagination, and similitude between fleas and them, made me terribly fierce.---Ah, said I, perhaps 'tis my own fault, that milk of human nature and my mother---if my blood was not sweet, the wretches would not attack me; 'tis the sweetest fruit the birds have been picking at.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

A N E C D O T E.

AN Irishman at Chester inquired of his landlord, how he could get to London. Being told he might go in a waggon, he replied. "No, honey that will never do, for I am always seasick; when I ride in a waggon; besides, I can walk as fast as two waggons."

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON JUDGMENTS AND BLESSINGS FROM OUR CREATOR.

HOW pleasant the feelings when danger is o'er,
The survivors in battle can tell;
Or the sailors from shipwreck safe landed on shore,
How their bosoms with gratitude swell!

And surely such pleasure, my friends must be ours,
Escap'd from a peril as great;
When Fever came arm'd with her terrific pow'rs,
And death was seen marching in state!

No sex, age, or station could move or restrain
The promiscuous sad havoc it made;
The streets of our city was still as a plain,
Save the noise of the Hearse with the dead.

Now Heaven has the scourge in it's mercy remov'd,
Let us keep that great mercy in mind;
And the labors of all by their conduct approv'd,
The patriots and friends of mankind.

Be it ours, with a zeal that no obstacle fears,
To tooth the sad children of woe;
To chase from the wretched their wants and their fears,
And the blessings of plenty below.

The thanks of the widow and orphan arise;
And brighten the joys of the blest;
And Peace in return shall descend from the skies,
And make her abode in your breast.

Fill a bumper to those, whos in Duty's stern cause,
Have fell, 'mid their useful career!
May their names & their virtues be crown'd with applause
And their tombs with fresh roses appear.

Thus our Patron, by labours of Patience and Love,
Establish'd his well-earned fame;
And his Sons while the SAINT is enraptur'd above,
Exult and rejoice in his name.
New-York, January 1, 1796.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

AFFECTING EPISTLE TO AN HEIRESS.

MARIA! I'm resolv'd to tell my pain,
In spite of disdine it must be told:
Torment, you know, will make the dumb complain,
(For instance) Balaam's cudgel'd beast of old.

Then Oh! attend, thou fairest of the fair,
Let one sweet smiles a ray of hope impart:
In pity deign to hear my humble prayer,
And banish sorrow from my aching heart.

'Tis not thy pouting lip of rosy dye,
Nor breast where all the Loves delighted rove,
Nor the blue languish of thy speaking eye,
That in my bosom rous'd the flaine of love.

Thy lip, and breast, and eye I much admire,
But charms less transient rob my foul of rest:
Thy gold, thy guineas set me all on fire,
I long to rummage your papa's old chest.

But different eyes are struck with different charms,
Here's Damon pierc'd by Cupid's poisoned dart,
Would gladly take you to his longing arms,
And ask no portion with you but---a heart.

Then pray, Maria, let him have his whim,
And likewise pity my poor tortur'd breast,
To me your money give-----yourself to him,
And make, at once, a couple of us blest.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

EPICRAM,

ON AN APOTHECARY TURNED BREWER.

WITH titles how some folks are blest'd,
E'en thou canst boast of twain;
A Fool before, in drugs confest'd,
And now---a KNAVE IN GRAIN.

ALL IS VANITY.

A TALE.

"ALL is vanity!" exclaimed a venerable man, whose cheeks were furrowed more by grief than age, as he reclined against a tombstone, in one of our church-yards. The situation was interesting! The church on a hill; the night hazy; though the moon reflected sufficient light to give him a general view of the prospect around; the sea, at a distance, on his right-hand, neither tempestuous nor calm, washed the beach with it's waves. He had long listened to it's murmuring, his eye fixed steadfastly on the sculptured mememo of mortality which supported him: there was a congeniality between it's disordered state, and that of his own bosom, which forcibly struck him; and, his eye insensibly reverting to the tomb-stone, he instinctively expressed himself---"All is vanity!"

The night rather clearing, induced him to walk farther; he crossed the spot where the encampment had been. War, and it's inseparable horrors---the death of the brave, the distraction of the widow, the helplessness of the orphan, the desolation of towns, and the destruction of empires---afforded him ample scope for rumination; till, unconscious of his way, he entered another church-yard, about a mile from that he had left. The church was ancient; and, though service was regularly performed there, in ruins. All was silent! It was a scene to be contemplated only with horror; except by those whom Religion had fortified against superstitious prejudice, or inquietude alienated from habits of clear-souledness.

He looked around him, with a sort of gloomy serenity, for some time; when an object lying on one of the graves attracted his earnest notice. He approached it, and started, on removing a coarse but clean covering, at beholding a child about four years of age fast asleep. In an instant, his sight was arrested by an emaciated female, whose wild looks sufficiently indicated the disorder of her mind; and who, springing from behind the church, ran swiftly to him, and dropping on her knees, in a piercing tone of voice, cried---"O, don't take him from me!" Then, overcome by agitation, immediately fainted. The voice was not unknown to him: stooping to assist her, the moon suddenly shining with unusual lustre on his face---"Good God!" exclaimed he, "my daughter!"

At this instant, a poor man and woman, attracted by the cries of the child, who had awakened in a fright, came up. "Here she is!" cried the man; and the woman snatched the child up into her arms.

"What know ye of this young woman?" eagerly enquired the almost petrified father.

"She lived with us," replied the man, "about three months: her husband died of the fever, and lies buried in that grave; his death turned her brain, and she often used to say---"She would put her child to bed with his father." Here the unhappy lunatic sighed; opened her eyes; and, fixing them steadfastly on her supporter, in a moment of recollection, screamed---"My father! pray, pray, forgive me!" Then, uttering a few incoherent words, she again died away---to revive no more!

He knelt over her for some minutes, in a state of stupefaction, which was succeeded by violent transports of grief; the extreme of which subsiding, he thus, in a broken voice addressed the honest pair, who stood motionless with astonishment---"Well may you wonder at the spectacle before you! In me you behold the most wretched of parents; and, in her, my only child, destroyed by my barbarity. My life has been a general scene of misfortunes; but this girl was always a comfort in the midst of affliction. About five years ago, she contracted an intimacy with a young man, of whom I had received a most depraved, but I have since learned, a most unjust character; and, in contradiction to mine and her mother's express commands, was privately married to him. When she came to ask my blessing, in a paroxysm of grief, rage, and disappointment, I shut my door in her face, and have never since seen or heard of her, till this awful moment!"---Here he was interrupted by a flood of tears.

He continued---"Where she went to, God only knows. Her mother broke her heart within a year after; and I have ever since wandered about, a striking example of parental brutality; referred by Providence to witness the dreadful effect of my injustice, and pay the last sorrowful tribute to the victim." His voice was here lost in sobs.

The good couple sympathized with him: while their moistened cheeks evinced the sincerity of their hearts. The miserable fire pressed the child to his bosom---"Heaven, my little innocent," said he, "has deprived thee of thy mother: I will endeavor to supply the loss; and by my atteation to thee, expiate my cruelty to her."

The husband then beckoned his wife; and, raising the corpse in their arms, they retired from the grave, with a melancholy pace. The repentant mourner followed, weeping over his grandson; and now and then interrupting the awful silence, by emphatically exclaiming—"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

SATURDAY, February 13, 1796.

WEDNESDAY the Assembly, in committee of the whole, granted a further sum of 15,000l. annually, in addition to the sum of 20,000l. formerly appropriated for the support of public schools in this state.

We understand from good authority, that orders are received from the British ministry for the evacuation of the Western Posts, agreeable to the Treaty.

It is reported, that a gold hilted sword has been presented by the Dey of Algiers, to the President of the United States, and that it arrived on Sunday from Lisbon, in the ——, Capt. M'Intire. Also, that the Spanish Treaty has arrived in said vessel.

The INCREASE of exports the year past amounts to FOURTEEN MILLIONS NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE THOUSAND dollars.

On the 4th inst. at noon, the United States frigate building at Baltimore, by Major Stoddard, was raised without the smallest accident, and impartial judges allow, that the work is equal in strength and beauty to any of the kind ever put together.

The materials for completing this great machine, we understand, are all collected in the yard; we therefore hope the public will be soon gratified in seeing so formidable and respectable a ship equip'd.

We learn that a formidable army of blacks, amounting to 12,000 men, under the command of a negro, who calls himself Gen. Pompey, have collected in the island of Hispaniola, and that they had demanded of Gen. Rigaud a quantity of provisions, which he refused unless Gen. Pompey would consent to act under a national officer. This he would not agree to, alledging that he was commissioned by Polveril and Santhonax, and immediately joined the English against the republicans, whom they were massacring wherever they could find them.

From the log-book of the schooner Betsy, John Burnham, master, from Gonaives, arrived yesterday.

Saturday, January 16th, pleasant weather, fresh breezes, at 10 o'clock A. M. saw great Hencauga bearing N. at 12, saw a brig on shore about two leagues to the eastward of S. W. point, we stood in shore, saw the people coming off in the boat, stood off and on—the boat came along side. She belonged to the schooner Eagle of Baltimore, which ran a shore night before last on the reef, stove to pieces. She informed us that the brig ashore was the Betsy, belonging to Norfolk. We offered them a passage, but they would not come. We stood off and on until sunset, and then left them. At 6 P. M. S. W. point, on the Hencauga to S. E. about two leagues distant, at 7 o'clock, spoke a brig from Charleston, bound to the Mole—Pleasant weather, breezes all night. Wind to the eastward.

Extract of a letter from Ballederry, North of Ireland, dated Nov. 8th, 1795.

"We have been kept in continual alarm for some time, in consequence of the defenders having encamped in Lord Hertford's deer park, a remarkable strong hold, from whence it will be difficult to dislodge them. We hope this is but a prelude to something more important; indeed we think a revolution cannot be far distant, as it seems the only step which can possibly alleviate the distresses of a much injured and long oppressed people."

Extract of a letter from Norfolk, to a gentleman in Baltimore, dated February 1st.

"The schooner John, Capt. Seward, from Martinique —says, that the troops had not arrived, and that the black pioneers were ordered back from Barbadoes, and landed at Fort-Royal; on his passage here, he spoke the brig Olive, Capt. Palmer, belonging to Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, 45 days from London, he told him that there was great disturbances there, that the troops destined for the West-Indies were disembarked, and that his Majesty, on his return from seeing them reviewed, was attacked by the mob, and his carriage broke to pieces, the Captain of the guard was killed, and the King had a narrow escape for his life; the mob proceeded on to St. James's palace, and forced the gates with sledge-hammers, &c."

PHILADELPHIA, February 10.

Yesterday, in committee of the whole, the Senate of Pennsylvania, negatived the resolutions of the legislature of Vir-

ginia, relative to alterations in the constitution of the United States. The report of the committee, is the order of the day, for Thursday next.

BOSTON, January 20.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, &c.

Capt. Gardner, from the Cape of Good Hope, arrived here since our last, confirms the accounts of the capture of that territory by the English, and that they have from 3 to 4000 troops there. He mentions also, the arrival of news of the capture of Ceylon, as before announced; and of the report that an expedition against Batavia, the capital of the Dutch dominions in India, was in contemplation. That the English having received information, by the capture of a Dutch packet, of a considerable fleet of Dutch Indiamen; about to sail for Europe, had dispatched all the ships of war at the Cape, to intercept them—and that the English treated the Americans very civilly, but would not allow them to take cargoes on board at the Cape.

NEWBURYPORT, January 26.

On the 5th inst. a very melancholy accident happened at Fuston. As four boys of Mr. James Dunlap, were playing on the ice, three of them fell in—his daughter, about eighteen years of age, hastened to their assistance—and in endeavouring to relieve her three unfortunate brothers, perished with them. The parents were absent from home—two surviving small children left at home, crept into a bed, and remained there two days during the cold season without sustenance.

D I E D

Yesterday morning, between four and five o'clock, Doctor WILLIAM PITT SMITH, in the 36th year of his age. It is impossible to express the universal sorrow felt by every class of his fellow citizens, at the loss of this useful and virtuous citizen; in him were blended, the Patriot, the Statesman, the Philosopher, Philanthropist, and the Healing Physician, whose heart was enriched with all the amiable qualities of a Christian character. He was a man of very extensive abilities, and sound judgment. In private life, unaffected in his manners, of noble sincerity of heart, and endeared to his friends by every social quality. He was modest, candid, unassuming, and agreeable in his company and conversation—In his friendship, sincere, steady, and zealous; and his benevolence and piety exceeded by none; with the hand of charity ever ready to do good, and to distribute to the poor and needy—A loving and affectionate husband—fond parent, and kind master. An amiable wife and three children are left to deplore his loss, by them and the neighborhood, the goodness of his heart, his integrity, with his many VIRTUES will render his loss most truly and extensively lamented. His being taken off in the prime of life is the more to be regretted, when we anticipate the future benefits that would have resulted to mankind had he been spared; it is not the private tear alone, that will be shed over his grave; his memory will long continue to live in the PUBLIC mind, and posterity be taught to revere the spot where GOODNESS and HE fill up one Tomb.

WHAT solemn news is that which strikes my ear? PITT SMITH is dead—alas! what do I hear: Here let me pause: shall I lament he's gone? His Maker had a right to call him home: His aid we seek in vain, he is no more, The soul is wafted to the eternal shore; His body lies now mould'ring in the dust, As your's, and mine, and every mortal's must: He's gone, he's gone, ne'er to return again, His soul, we trust, has join'd the heavenly train Of angels; singing hallelujahs high, In peace and joy thro' all eternity. Tho' friends and children take the loss full hard, And sighing say, why might he not been spar'd? You are allow'd to mourn, not to excess, For God's a father to the fatherless; Seek him aright, and you will truly find, That He's a God and Father, just and kind. If sympathy to you can give relief, That sure you have—in every eye there's grief: His knowledge, worth, and skill, are too well known, To blow the trumpet of FAME now he is gone. It is God's will, mortals must acquiesce, He orders all in wisdom, for the best: May God be pleas'd, this loss to sanctify, Remember mortals, all that's ~~now~~—must die.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. JOHN E. PARKER, to Miss ETHELLIE WOOLSEY, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. ALEXANDER HUTCHESON, to the Widow HUTCHESON, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stiebeck, Mr. JAMES YOUNG, to Miss CHRISTIANA RIDABOCK, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. W. MANLEY, to Miss ANN THOMPSON, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, DE WITT CLINTON, Esq. to Miss MARIA FRANKLIN, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, ROBERT R. GOFLET, Esq. to Miss MARGARET BUCHANAN, daughter of Thomas Buchanan, Esq.

At Boston, Mr. JOHN DEMING, aged 75, to Miss SALLY CUSHING, aged 35.

Fond pair! may each domestic bliss be thine,
And bright affection sparkle at thy shrine;
May She the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repose age.

THEATRE.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

THIS EVENING February 18.

Will be presented, A TRAGEDY, called,

M A H O M E T:

Or, The Impostor.

Mahomet,	Mr. Hodgkinson,
Alcanor,	Mr. Tyler,
Pharon, (His first Appearance)	Mr. Des Moulins,
Mirvan,	Mr. King,
Ali,	Mr. Munto,
Herclides,	Mr. Woolls,
Ammon,	Mr. Tompkins,
And, (Zaphna,) Their first Appearance, (Mrs. Cleveland,	Mr. Cleveland,
Palmira,	Mrs. Cleveland.

To which will be added, a Serious Pantomime, called,

LA FORET NOIRE.

La Terreur, (Captain of the Banditti)	Mr. Hodgkinson,
Lauridan, (Husband of Lucille)	Mr. King,
Abbe, (Lover of Lucille)	Mr. Jefferion,
Peasant.	Mr. Woolls,
And, Geronte, (Father of Lucille)	Mr. Hallam.
BANDITI,	
Messrs. Prigmore, Cleveland, Hallam, jun. Lee, Johnson, &c. &c.	SOLDIERS,
Messrs. Munto, Durang, Leonard, M'Knight, Tompkins &c. &c.	
Adolphus, (Son of Lucille)	Mrs. Harding,
Confidante,	Mrs. Munto,
And, Lucille,	Madame Gardie.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

On Monday evening will be presented,

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

Julia, Mrs. Johnson, (her 2d appearance.) The Doors will be opened a Quarter after FIVE, and the Curtain drawn up a Quarter after SIX O'CLOCK.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

Cargo Memorandum Books.

COMPLETELY ruled in columns, for date, mark, No. No. of packages, length, breadth, depth, solid contents, freight, by whom shipped, and to whom consigned, being the most useful book of the kind for Masters of vessels, and sea-faring gentlemen ever made use of—For sale at John Harrington's Book-Store and Printing-Office.—Price Half a Dollar. Also,

Dutch Memorandum Books.

Court of Apollo.

KNOWING JOE: OR, THE SHEW-FOLK.

I Was call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down,
I ax't, "How do'st do?" to the Shew-Folk;
I could chant a good slave, that I know'd very well,
No boy of my age could talk louder!
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell;
Of my cleverness, too, none were prouder;
So, thinks I, it's better nor following plough,
To try with these youths, to queer low folk;
Their measter I met, so I made my best bow,
How do ye do, Sir? says I---I'ze a mighty notion of
turning astor man---I be main lissome---boxes and wrestles
very pratty---dances a good jig---and can play---the
very dive! (Spoken.)
Ax'd a pleace, and so join'd with the Shew-Folk.

The pleace that I'd got, I detarmin'd to keep,
But odzookers they all were so drollish!
Kings, coblers, and taylors! a prince or a sweep!
And jaaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish!
Their daggers and fwords, cod! they handled so cute,
And their leadies were all so bewitching!
When I thought to be droll I was always struck mute,
As the bacon rack hangs in our kitchen:
They ax'd me to say, how, "the coach was at door,"
When were fested above and below folk!
Feggs! I was so sheamefac'd, I stopp'd on the floor!
A kind of a sort of giddiness, feiz'd me all over!--the
candles daunc'd the hays!---'twere as dimmish as a Scotch
mif! I dropp'd down dead as a shot! (Spoken.)
And swounded away 'mong the Shew-Folk.

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never war seen!
All manner of fancies were playing:
One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,
I believes it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk! (Spoken.)
Not thinking the plan they were laying!
My leady she died on a chair next her spouse,
While with pins me behind they were pricking!
All at once I scream'd out!--lent her grace such a douse!
That alive she was soon---aye, and---kicking!
The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me to joke!
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye,
From their steage; cod! I never so much as once looked
behind me;---tumbled over a barrel of thunder---knock'd
down a hail storm---roll'd over the sea---darterd like
lightning thro' the infernal regions. (Spoken.)
And so took my leave of the Shew-Folk.

A R I D D L E.
WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glas is set,
One of us you'll find in jet:
And another you may find in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

J. C.

E P I G R A M.
TREASON does never prosper---What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it Treason.

A N E C D O T E.
A Priest, who had usually a very small audience, was
one day preaching at the church in his village, when
the doors being open, a gander and several geese came
stalking up the middle aisle.---The preacher availing himself
of the circumstance, observed, "He could no longer
find fault with his distrit for non attendance, because,
THEY HAD SENT THEIR REPRESENTATIVES!"

The Moralist.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF MANKIND.

CREATNESS and littleness are terms merely comparative; and we etc in our estimation of things, because we measure them by some wrong standard. The trifler proposes to himself only to equal or excel some other trifler and is happy or miserable as he succeeds or miscarries: The man of sedentary desire and unactive ambition, fits compairing his power with his wishes: and makes his inability to perform things impossible, an excuse to himself for performing nothing. Man can only form a just estimate of his own action, by making his power the test of his performance, by compairing what he does with what he can do. Whoever steadily perseveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with respect to himself; and what will not be despised by Him, who has given to all created being their different abilities: he faithfully performs his task of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined; or how soon soever they may be forgotton.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember that we are not born to please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction, will always find the proper busines of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind our relation to the Father of our being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclination to unerring Wisdom, and do the work decreed for us with chearfulness and diligence.

SARAH LEACH, Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No. 29, Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her busines, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795.

83---t.f.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Pecks-slip.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above busines in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.---N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served.

Also, a fine affortment of very handsome Vest Shapes and Clouded Cashmiers on hand, suitable to the season.

Aug. 3.

78---t.f.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOOD STORE, from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

To be sold and immediate possession given, that very convenient New House, No. 51, Chamber-street, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16, 1796.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, the backshop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that she has received in some of the latest vesseles from London. Dres and half dres caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for dreses, some fashions, and a variety of ribbons, black lustring and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, fandall patterns, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795.

90 t.f.

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest affortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by, JEREMIAH HALL, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near the Fly Market. Also, 1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight of Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. 87 t.f.

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Nassau-street.

Universal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its excellencies in all kinds of fresh wounds, bruises; scalds, burns, sore or gibb'd heels, and even for sore eyes, it being of so innocent a composition as to be used at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that has been performed with this ointment, can be attested to by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommended to all families, and particularly to masters of vessels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be sold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-street, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s.---2s and 2s each. Great allowance will be made to those who purchase by the quantity.

Jan. 9 93---t.f.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street. 85 t.f.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to carry on the STAY MANUFACTURE, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavor to deserve.

Feb. 14, 1795. 1 y

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-street,
Between the Coffee-House and Old-Slip.

R. LOYD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

February. 14, 1795.

1 y

BY order of the Hon. John Sloos Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of ELIPHALET SEAMAN, insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said John Sloos Hobart, Esq. at his chambers in the city of New-York, at the City Hall, on Tuesday the 8th of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an adjustment of the estate of said Eliphalet Seaman should not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman discharged, according to the directions of an act of the Legislature of the State of New-York, entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency." Passed the 21st of March, 1789. Dated 20th January, 1796.

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning Creditors.
January 30.

96---6w.

Playing Cards.

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single Pack, for Sale at this Office.

Almanacks for 1796,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.